



IN THE WORLD OF WOMEN

If Wishing Were Only Having.

Hey, little lassies with eyes of blue,
And brave little laddies with eyes of brown!
What if a fairy should come to you
And show you the way to Grown-up Town?
Now tell me truly, if I have guessed
That this is the gift your heart holds best.
Would you drop your dolly and leave your ball,
And quit your frolics in field and Glen,
For the sake of being real women and men?
Say, little lassies, and laddies, too,
Now isn't this just what you would do?
Tell me, oh women with wistful eyes,
And men who plod on life's toilsome way,
What if kind fate, in some fair guise,
Should grant the wish of your heart to-day?
Weighed in the balance of time's true test,
Which of all gifts, would you count the best?
Would you leave the crowded city mart,
The glitter of gold, the crown of fame,
To sport as a child with flower-free heart,
And eyes unclouded by grief or shame?
Too me, oh world-tried women and men,
Would you be, if you could, a child again?
—Ida Goldsmith Morrison, in Ladies Home Journal.

The Popular Girl.

She is Well Groomed Both in Soul and Body.

You have often seen the popular girl, here or abroad, but did you ever stop to analyze her with a view of discovering the secret of her popularity? I have, and except in rare cases have been able to classify the charms and make them fit any popular girl. The few exceptions are the possessors of great beauty or that more subtle charm, which masquerades under several names, the most common of which are magnetism and personality. One characteristic of the popular girl is that she has thorough command of herself and steers herself calmly through any and all situations. She is restful in these days of excitability, when animosity is defined to mean a series of nervous twitches and morose grimaces and laughs. The popular girl has a pleasing, low-pitched voice which makes even commonplace conversation pleasant to the ear. There is nothing so wearing to the nerves as a high-pitched, sharp voice. It will not be excused even when accompanied by brilliancy of mind. But the popular girl knows how to talk. That does not mean that she talks whenever she finds an opportunity, but that she uses discretion in her choice of subjects and talks just long enough and often enough to carry the impression that she is a brilliant conversationalist. She must be a good listener to do this. I remember meeting a man once, at dinner, who had the reputation of being a remarkably wise man. I was prepared for all sorts of enjoyment in the lucky chance which would favor me with his acquaintance, and when I finally reached home began to analyze my impressions and dissect the man according to my habit. I was amazed to discover that, not only had he failed to advance an opinion of any kind, but he had not taken part in the rather brilliant conversation of the table—he had contented himself with merely looking wise. To this day I have honestly believed that his reputation depended upon nothing more solid than his ability to imitate the owl—a stupid bird, in my estimation.

The popular girl is sure to be well groomed. There is a wide difference between a woman elaborately dressed and one who is well groomed. The former may not have a single mark of good grooming, and the latter may be clothed in nothing more expensive than a serge skirt and cotton waist. I noted that difference in the car yesterday morning. The passengers were mostly females, and pretty gowns and hats were not lacking. Yet there was but one woman to whom the title "well groomed" could be applied, and she wore a crisp shirt waist and plain sailor hat. But she literally "stood out" from the group for sleekness and crispness and a generally faultless appearance. Even her skin seemed different from that of the other women, although you would not have said that it was a very good one. Her hair was smooth and plain, and not nearly as pretty in color as some near her, and with all these drawbacks she made the other women look dowdy and careless.

A popular girl always carries a whole-some, sweet expression on her face. A great many good hints might be taken from actresses, who are trained to have command over their facial muscles. Partly from habit and partly because they take some degree of pride in making themselves attractive to the public, an actress is almost always very nice to look upon in private life. That is one reason why they retain their youth and whatever beauty they have until late in life.—Philadelphia Times.

How to Wash Your Face.

Many skins will not stand constant washing, a practice which indeed tends to coarsen the complexion. Thorough washing once a day is sufficient for most women, and is far preferable to partial and careless ablutions morning, noon and night. Instead of cleansing the face in water when coming in from a walk, or when one feels that a wash would be refreshing, it is a capital thing to bathe it with salt virginol. It is an excellent purifier, easily made and harmless. It is, moreover, delightfully refreshing. I give the recipe: Rose, orange flower, or cedar flower water, 1 pint; simple tincture of benzoin, 2 ounces; tincture of myrrh, 10 drops; glycerine, 10 drops. Place the rose water in a bowl, and whilst stirring it, with a glass or porcelain spoon, add drop by drop the benzoin, then the myrrh and glycerine.

Be sure you get the simple tincture of benzoin, as the compound tincture contains other ingredients quite unsuited to the purpose. Some skins will not stand glycerine. If this is the case with yours, all that need be done is to omit it from the emulsion. Never use pure glycerine to the skin of the face, as it tends to induce hairy growth. The last virginol should be applied with a soft rag, and one is often surprised at the amount of dirt, unsuspected because undetectable, which is brought away. Once a week it is well to give the face a thorough lathering, using a soft wash-

ing glove. A delightful lather, beautifully perfumed, can be made by putting a piece of pure scented soap into a little jar, upon which a small quantity of hot soft water should be poured, which should be beaten up with a fiber whisk until it is of the consistency of a creamy froth. This is an excellent cosmetic, and it gives tone and brilliancy to the best complexion.—Boston Globe.

What the Mouth Tells.

A certain philosopher declared that a woman is known by her mouth, not by the words that issue therefrom, but by the shape and color of the lips, and the lines and dimples that gather about this important feature. He is supported in his theory by physiologists who, all endeavor to prove that no woman with the small, red lippled "Cupid bow" mouth, so praised in song and story, was ever intellectual or generous of heart, and it is consoling to those whose mouths are not in accordance with the lines of beauty laid down by the poets to be told that a "wide, straight mouth, with strong, white teeth," denotes the woman of superior intelligence, goodness of heart, strength of mind and a thousand and one other sterling qualities which one likes to think she possesses.

It is the fashion at present for women to hold their lips slightly apart. This is supposed to give that innocent, wistful, wondering expression which was the peculiar property of the heroines of old-fashioned novels, but which bicycle riding and kindred modern amusements have caused to vanish. It is difficult for the thin lip, determined woman to acquire this trick, but perseverance works wonders.—Baltimore Herald.

A Rainy-Day Novelty.

For years women have been taking lessons in holding up their skirts from the ground, but they have not yet reached home in doing this gracefully. Until recently they grabbed the goods in the back into a bunch, pulled the folds tight and made a scant line at the top of the boots, while the fullness dropped in front. Nothing, all will admit, was more unbecoming. Now the skirt is drawn across the figure so smoothly that every outline is easily discerned. In order that the folds may be held in place after the new idea, a silver device has been invented which, in the shape of a clasp, it is held by a small silver chain which is fastened to the belt and the chain will, thus regulating the hang of the skirt without difficulty.—Chicago News.

What Lot Said.

"And what did Lot say when he saw that his wife had been turned into a pillar of salt for looking back? Can you tell, Robert?"
"No more."

"Just think for a moment and see if you can't remember."

Robert (tentatively, after a pause)—Rubberneck.—Brooklyn Life.

October Pictures.

The pensive day
Is dull and gray.
Whose banks of haze
Drift, swirl and fray:
Where acorns fall,
And squirrels call,
The sunbeams blaze
Beside the wall;
And in the streams
The trees are stoled
In fairy dreams
Of fairy gold.

The bee has fled,
The rose is dead,
The apple's green
And brown and red,
And up the steep,
Through shadows deep,
I see serene
The bonfire creep:
The cricket shrills
Beneath the bars,
And nightfall spills
Her urn of stars.

The air is still
From hill to hill,
No lily beams
Upon the rill,
And in the wood,
All chill and cold,
The pumpkin dreams—
A lamp of gold,
Rich sunset glows
The tented crown,
And plenty flows
Her mellow horn.

O'er meadows brown
The thistle-down
The pennons floats
From Fairytown,
And through the mist
Of ethereal
The bob-white notes
Full zephyr-kiss,
And at my hearth
I hear her sing
Who makes with mirth
My autumn spring.

—R. K. Munkittrick in the October Woman's Home Companion.

Artful French Women

Efforts Made to Conceal Evidences of Advancing Age.

It is doubtless true that the Parisienne manages more successfully than her sisters of any other nation the first traces of advancing years. By the aid of their consummate art wrinkles, those tell-tale finger marks of time are smoothed out successfully; the fat is made slender; the thin have their bones covered; gray and scanty locks become seemingly thick, while their hair is optional and a natural bloom is imparted to the skin. In short, the old are made to look young without appearing to be "made up," which everyone concedes is vulgar. Nowhere can this be done successfully, it is claimed, except in Paris.

At a woman's luncheon in "gray" Paris last spring a silver-haired but comely society woman, who had the courage of her convictions, exploded a bombshell.

The Indispensable Item

How strange is woman! In her brain
She has a penchant, firm and clear,
And though no other point she gains
To this one thought she will adhere.
Gloves may be old and shoes passe,
Her frock be shabby—all of that—
But on her head, big, towering, gay,
Though skies may fall she'll have a hat.
—Chicago Record.

In Solitude.

Like a brook that all night long
Sings, as at noon, a bubble-song
To sleep's unheeding ear,
The poet to himself must sing,
When none but God is listening,
The lullaby to hear.
—John B. Tabb.

Misapprehended

"I paid her," said the imaginative Young Man, "the highest compliment a human being could pay another."
"What did you say to her?" asked the Practical Young Man.
"I told her she was a superior being who walked on clouds."
"You feel! How did she take it?"
"She looked at me in astonishment, turned her back on me and walked out of the room."
"What did you mean by it, anyway?"
"I meant that she was a white-poled angel."—Chicago Tribune.

He Earned His Bet.

"No," said her father, "you are not the man I want for a son-in-law. Why, I'll bet you never earned a shilling in your life by your own efforts."
"Ah!" exclaimed the young man, brightening up, "that's where you have underestimated me. Mabel bet me a shilling that I wouldn't dare to come here and ask you for her, and as you know, I have done it."—Stray Stories.

A Dreadful Thing.

"Dreadful thing happened in my stable this morning."
"What was it?"
"My automobile got on the gasoline tank and foundered itself."—Chicago Record.

The Foot-Ball Girl.

Where banners of black and yellow,
Deep blue, or crimson stream,
She keeps on an ivory tablet
The score of a foot-ball team.
She comes in the golden weather,
And comes if the skies are gray,
For the game would be a failure
With the foot-ball girl away.

In the dust of the broad arena
Her spirits rise and fall,
Tossed in the frantic rushes
With the bruised and battered ball.
She flutters a dainty kerchief
When the foe begins to yield,
And is hailed by the proud eleven
As the mascot of the field.

A run from a supple player,
A dash in the glaring sun,
She joins in the frenzied cheering,
For the goal is touched and won.
She wears the champion's colors
As home in the dusk she goes,
To dream, it may be, of kisses
Stolen under the rose.

Royal Fisherwomen.

Ladies in the English Royal Family Devoted to the Sport.

The only "killing" form of sport indulged in by the ladies of the royal family is fishing. The Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Fife, and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, being all enthusiastic fishermen. When acting as Vice-Queen of Canada, the Princess Louise used to go out in a canoe with natives for a half-hour or so, and on one occasion she despatched three of her finest fish, of course securely packed in ice, to the Queen at Balmoral. The Princess of Wales and her daughters go out almost every day when staying with the Duchess of Fife at New Mac Lodge, and some two years ago the Duchess landed the largest number of fish ever taken in one day on the Dee by a fisherman.

The Prince of Wales does not now own a single acre of land in Scotland. He was the owner some years ago of Birkhall, but he sold the property to the Queen in 1885, and though he always pays a long visit to Scotland each autumn, he invariably stays with the exception, perhaps, of a flying visit to Balmoral—with the Duke and Duchess of Fife.—New Liverpool.

Little Hickory Nut.

A little brown baby, round and wee,
With the kind winds to rock him slept
High in a tree.
And he grew and he grew till, oh dread-
ful to say!
He tumbled right out of his cradle one
day.
Down, down from the tree-top, a terrible
fall!
But the queer little fellow was not hurt
at all.
And sound and sweet he lies in the grass,
And there you will find him whenever
you pass.
—Youth's Companion.

MISS MARGARET SWANN LEATH.



Miss Margaret Swann Leath is the second daughter of Mrs. Margaret McLean Leath, of Burkeville, Va. She has golden brown hair and dark blue eyes. She is noted for her originality and repartee. She attended the Southern Female College in Petersburg. She possesses a sweet alto voice. Miss Leath's attractive personality and gracious manner have won for her a host of admirers.

The Song I Never Sing.

As when in dreams we sometimes hear
A melody so faint and fine,
And musically sweet and clear,
It flavors all the atmosphere
With harmony divine.
So, often in waking dreams,
I hear a melody that seems
Like fairy voices whispering
To me the song I never sing.

Sometimes when brooding o'er the year
My lullaby has thriven again,
When all the glowing past appears
But a mirage that my tears
Have crumbled to decay.
I thrill to find the ache and pain
Of my remorse is still again,
As forward bend and listening,
I hear the song I never sing.

A murmuring of rhythmic words
Adrift on tones which currents flow
Melodious with the thrill of birds,
And far off lowing of the herds
In lands of long ago;
And every sound the truant loves
Comes to me like the coo of doves.
When first in blooming fields of spring
I heard the song I never sing.

The echoes of old voices, wound
In limpid streams of laughter where
The River Time runs bubble crowned,
And giddy eddies ripple round
The lilies growing there;
Where roses blinding o'er the brink
Draw their own kisses as they drink,
And vines twine and climb and cling
About the song I never sing.

An ocean surge of sound that falls
As though a tide of heavenly light
Had tempered the gleaming halls
And crested o'er the golden walls
In showers upon my heart,
Thus, thus, with open arms and eyes
Uplifted toward the alien skies,
Forgetting every earthly thing,
I hear the song I never sing.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Women's Rights.

Permission to Ride on Trolley Cars a Recent Privilege in Korea.

"Women, as well as men, can ride on the cars"—such is the translation of paragraph No. 2 in the rules or notices to the public prepared by the Korean President of the Seoul Electric Railway Company. The introduction of this trolley line is referred to by our civilization in "the Hermit Kingdom," and certainly it seemed that a wide departure from the customs of the country would be made when Korean women availed themselves of President Yi Cha-Yun's offer. Formerly women were not allowed on the streets in the daytime, but a curfew bell was rung at 8 o'clock in the evening, after which hour the men were required to remain indoors, while the women took their exercise.—Harper's Weekly.

Lucindy Listens.

Come, sit by me, Lucindy,
And hear what I would do,
Were you my mother,
And I a doll like you.

If you a lovely secret
Should whisper in my ear,
I would not keep it staring
As if I did not hear.

And when you sang, Lucindy,
Your sweet lullabies,
And said, "The dear is sleeping,"
I'd try to close my eyes.

Or, s'pose that in the twilight,
We two were taking tea,
I would pretend to eat, dear,
The bread you held for me.

In fact, my dear Lucindy,
I'd give my brightest curl,
Were you less than a dolly,
More like a little girl.

—Esther A. Harding, in "St. Nicholas."

Time to Plant Bulbs.

Careful Work Done Now Will Repay When Spring Comes.

"This is the season of the year in which to set out bulbs. Prepare the ground for them before they are received by having it dug up to a depth of at least a foot—a foot and a half better—and worked over until it is mellow," writes Eben E. Rexford in the September "Ladies Home Journal." "Mix with it a liberal quantity of old, rotten manure from the cowyard, or, if this is not obtainable, use bonemeal in the proportions of one pound to a square yard of soil. If the soil is naturally heavy, it is well to add considerable sand to make it lighter and more porous. Plant the bulbs as soon as possible after they are received, as they are greatly injured by exposure to the air. Set tulips and hyacinths six inches deep, smaller bulbs from four to five inches. All bulbs should be placed five or six inches apart, and each kind by itself."

Edgar Sullivan Kelly is writing orchestral and choral music for the dramatic setting of "Ben Hur," which will be produced next winter.



The Children of the Count and Countess Castellane.

As Sketched by Caroline Love Goodwin.